



SEPT. '71

RATS!



↑ No. 11

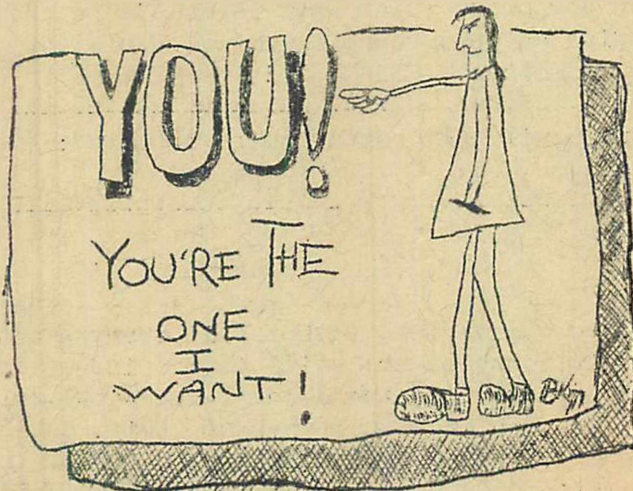
THE RIGHT-ON FANZINE (AND MONTHLY TOO!)



Nonseason
Report by
Jay Kinney (art)
and
Bill Kunkel

Introduction:

It was four fine and grand fanish days, it was, knocking about with the likes of Bob Shaw, Frank Lunney, Chris Couch, John Derry, Terry Carr, Arnie & Joyce and a cast of thousands. There were parties, and women who moaned in long, loud ecstasy. There was a strong odour of Afghan traveling with me and through me as I listened to George Clayton Johnson's introductory rap, finally getting to meet the cat who wrote all those "Twilight Zones." And it looked like



RATS! #11 is edited by Bill Kunkel (72-41 61st Street, Glendale New York 11227) and by Charlene Komar (85-30 121st Street Kew Gardens, New York 11415). Copies are obtainable for a letter of comment, art, your fanzine in trade, on an all-for-all basis with a copy for each of the editors, or for 35¢ which, you'll notice, is a 10¢ price rise and foo on you, Richard M.: And, *sigh*, if sub you must, it's 3/\$1, 6/\$2 and I think you can figure it out from there.

RATS! is published monthly. This issue is Vol. 2, No. 4, whole issue 11 for September, 1971.

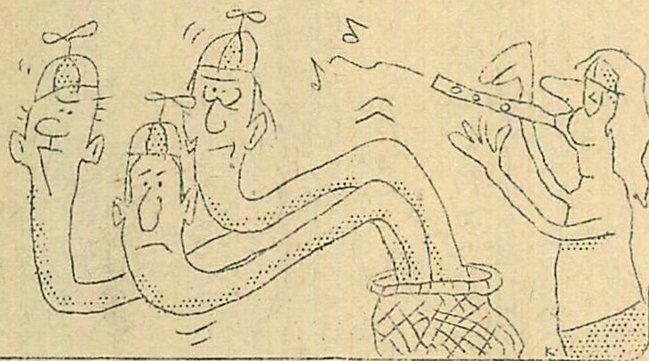
Publishing credit goes to the Katz's, Arnie & Joyce and Rex Rotary. Thanks also goes to Jay Kinney, Ross Chamberlain and Terry Carr among others.

RATS! is also available, by the way, for copies of old fanzines. And I said, "old fanzines", not "old crudzines" fellas. So don't send me two year old copies of SOPHISTICATED or something, please.

This is the New-Old Fanzine, Post-Worldcon Issue, published in the Good Old Devalued U.S. of A.

"I quote: 'THE EDITORIAL***** Welcom to Ufa Bulltin (name aftrer the old and famous German Film Co.) I would would write a long Editor but sense I have been typing from LL:00 to \$:00 o'clock to night. In other words all I can say is that I Think FIVE Is the best sf film...' -UFA BULLITEN reviewed in STELLAR....

DRIVEL



This issue begins a series of changes for RATS!, both in terms of design and content. You have, I'm sure, noticed that there is no cover as such on this, and here's why. Most importantly, I found that using a cover and a colophon page was a waste of one and two-thirds pages. I hardly think a whole page is needed for logo and price info and such, especially when the other side of the cover page is completely blank, and we have a 24 page postage limit. This is not to say (perish the thought!) that I plan not to use any more covers and, in fact, am eagerly awaiting a cover page from Steve Stiles that I intend to electrostencil. But what I'll be doing is running the cover as page one, and using, say, a third of page two for logo and related information, with my editorial kicking off directly below. This makes a lot more sense to me than the way I was doing it on issues 9 and 10.

Next issue, we'll be going just a little further on the layout alteration. We plan to start using regular headings, the same ones each month, for the two editorial columns and, of course, for the RATS! logo itself (watch for our next issue, kids!) Otherwise, more experimentation in layout, and we hope to have the use of a micro-elite typer within the near future, for the lettercolumn and a few other things. I've been in love with them, and the amount of wordage that can be squeezed on a page with them, since seeing VOID 29 a few years back. And, I might add, exposure to Arnie's VOID file has, if anything, substantiated further my hankering for the machine.

And what about those changes in content, mentioned above? Oh yeah, those. Well, it's like this, I'm not in fandom to make enemies, and I'm afraid that I've been doing just that in recent months. As Greg Shaw mentioned in a letter here, "...those who are on to something better, or think they are, would be better off doing it and letting those who don't know any better derive what pleasure they can from what they're doing....more power to them if they can get off on it." Aye. I intend from now on to print what I feel is good material and on a steady schedule, while attaining as fine an appearance as my sense of layout allows. (For further enlightenment see the LOCUS comments.) FIJAG(D)H!

They were going to hold the worldcon in Big Sur until they contemplated the name:
Big Surcon (!)

Shots From the Diary:

August 16, '71

GRANFALLOON arrived and I finally went to the eye doctor, although in reverse order. At first I considered the relationship (because relationships are still on my mind) between those two hot news leads but it prematurely broke down into the I-can't-read-if-I-can't-see species of connection in my mind within half a sentence so I gave up on it.

I was going to get these really beautiful white-gold metal (that is, unless they're making white-gold plastic these days) frames, but they were more expensive than the

Drivel:::

standard gold. Of course, my people were paying for it, so you assume I took the white-gold, but you are wrong. It's quite strange, I've been running about to doctors, dentists and shamen in order that my body be patched up while my parents are still footing the bill. But as to those glasses I just thought, what the hell, get the cheaper ones. Haven't you gotten enough from them already?

There are just some days when I'm so sweet it almost makes me cry.

Thursday, Sept. 2

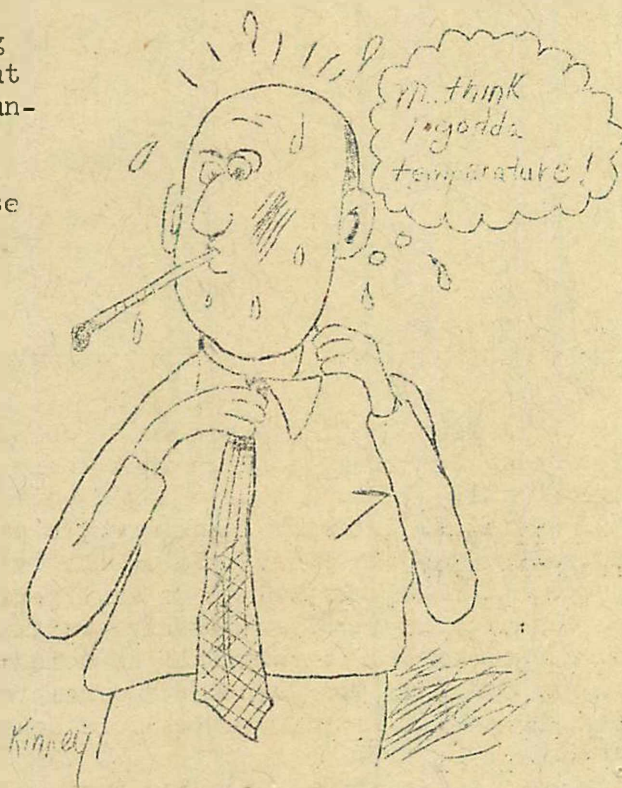
First day of the convention and all is well. Bus ride up wasn't bad as I traveled in such fine fannish company as the Katz's, Jay Kinney, Dave Hulvey and (ta daa!) Bob Shaw. Highlites: Dave began discoursing upon such subjects as population control via the extermination of oldsters and vaginal photography (at which point a woman two rows up let fly with a "Why don't you give your mouth a rest!?! We don't want to hear about this stuff any more!"). Not ten minutes later, the bus was halted and boarded by State Police. A particularly gruff appearing trooper tromped down the aisle, rifle in hand and a bullet belt slung across his shoulder. And he stopped right in front of Jay and demanded his bus ticket. Seems a trooper had been offed along the highway not fifteen minutes earlier and all buses were being stopped to check for the hippie-style killer. But to tell the truth, most of us were sure that that woman had wired ahead and that the cops had come to get Dave, drag him down the aisle and execute him before our horrified eyes, announcing, "That's what happens to guys wit dirty mouths!"

Sheraton-Boston. That's the place. Rather plush, too. Jay, Arnie and I sat in my room waiting for Charl to arrive from her sister's house in Pittsfield, and the time was passed by watching Charlton Heston mug about as Andrew Jackson on the color tv. The hotel staff is great. They smile and ask you things like, "are you a fan?" Even the elevators work!

Two parties tonight. The first was in the Bushyager's room, but we split early to the Lil Apa people party in the Busby's room where I talked with Terry Carr, Sid Coleman and, Buzz himself. Bob Shaw was also there and we reminisced about our ride into Boston. It was a long day, though, and Charl and I were early off to bed and so, with my arm around her and the twinkling Boston lights retained somewhere in the back of my head, I drifted slowly off to sleep.

I'm nearly out of space, I see, and I won't be able to print the piece I originally wanted to stick in here. But I will apologize to Charlie Brown for mistakenly saying that he had bought the worldcon mlg list in issue 10. This is incorrect, as the list was available to anyone who wanted it. //// This is also the official conclusion of the RATS!/LOCUS "feud" Pax All Around.

-- Bill Kunkel





All sorts of great things happen to you when you publish RATS! For example, just recently Bill and I were offered a mascot - you guessed it, a real live white rat. After much soul-searching, we rejected the gift, but it sure did have possibilities...

We're there at the Worldcon, Bill, Rat! and I, each sporting his own Jay Kinney-drawn nametag and consecutive membership number. We walk out of the registration area, and we run into Frank Lunney, who is passing out copies of his Hugo-nominated fanzine, BEABOHEMA (Frank, I note smugly, is conspicuously without a beabohema; still, his mother is also there, and perhaps that makes up...). We sternly tell Frank that if he wants to trade for RATS! he must provide individual copies for Bill, Rat!, and I. He balks a bit at first, but being no human chauvinist and really a practical fellow, he soon admits that Rat! is probably much more intelligent than most of his contributors and hands over the three copies. Rat! generously offers to advise him on a new title for his fanzine, and they wander off toward the coffee shop.

Rat!'s reputation soon spreads, and he becomes a popular and much-sort-after fellow, constantly taken out to dinner and commandeered into attending every major party. His final and greatest service to fandom comes at the banquet, when his keen snout alerts him and he gallantly insists on tasting the "meal" first, going to his final rest happy in the knowledge that his friends and compatriots have been warned of their peril.

*

I hadn't been awake long when the realization hit me. "Bill," I whispered to his groggy form beside me, "I think I've Caught It."

Although he's never at his best when newly-awakened, Bill quickly grasped the situation. He turned to me, thoroughly shocked. "You don't mean - "

"Yes," I sobbed. "It's - Publishing Fever!"

It's true; I seem to have the bug. I realized it this morning when I found myself thinking that we really ought to start cutting the stencils for the next RATS! today, which is a fine idea except for the fact that the current RATS! isn't even finished.

I noticed symptoms of the disease before, but I tried to brush them off. Right after each issue was published, I started thinking of the just-completed issue as not really too good - well, certainly not in comparison to how good the next one would be! What other result could this have but that I'd start thinking issues and issues ahead?

Then one night the truth was pushed even farther home. Arnie Katz told me that he'd written a review of RATS! #9 for the next FOCAL POINT. I began to think about what he would have said concerning which parts, but I couldn't remember anything about the last issue! I couldn't even remember what I had written in "Ploy" (although that may just have been a case of selective blockage). When it came to, say, the layout - impossible.

ploy:::

I then realized that my next editorial is already half-written, and I've begun work on my fanzine review column. And I'd been thinking that we should get the next issue out before the Worldcon, but the con is just three weeks away at this writing and RATS! #10 was ear-marked as the pre-con issue. All that should remain, then, of fanac in August should be getting out the current RATS! and getting ready for the con. Yet I find myself resisting the idea of not getting started right away on #11.

I've tried many would-be cures, but such mild measures as trying to spend more time on mundane activities were complete flops, and even the most extreme attempt at a cure I've made - reading AH! SWEET IDIOCY! - has had no effect. If the disease keeps growing at its present rate, the result may be some major changes in RATS!' schedule - first to bi-weekly, then to weekly, then - the mind boggles. My studies will be long-forgotten, my family but a vague memory, my engagement a thing of the past.

I've only one possible cure left. This Sunday, we're going to the Katz' to put out both RATS! and FOCAL POINT. And if that evening of collating doesn't cure me, look for the beginning of the new daily faanish fanzine...

*

We picked up some really nice art at the Worldcon, both for ourselves and for RATS! We bought the Powers Noreascon poster, which we liked a lot. It's really good for only two dollars. We also got two items at the Art Show - a Kinney sketch we really took to, and a C. Lee Healy painting called "The Wraith". The Art Show was good - really dominated by Tim Kirk, who had some beautiful work there. My favorite painting at the Show was a Kirk - a lovely one done in shades of green, and marked "not for sale." Oh well, I doubt (actually, I know) I could've afforded it anyway.

The Art Show was handy in another way - it was where we ran into most of the artists who either gave us art for the zine or promised to send us some. In particular, Brad Balfour gave us some really nice illos and we also got one I'm especially fond of from Tom Foster (who has promised us more). A few other people promised us cartoons - Ken Fletcher, who had several really nice pieces at the show (including a dancing bottle of corflu singing "Let Me Entertain You" and a faanish crucifixion scene), and Dany Frolich, who had a dragon that I was quite partial to.

*

Well, as I finish up this piece (9-10) I also finish up my last week of vacation (so to speak - I'm not back at school yet, but I have started my part-time job). Besides carrying my 18 credits, money needs have forced me to get a job, and between school and work I'm going to be pretty busy. So please forgive any letters that seem to be going unanswered (they're not, really - I'll get to them eventually) and any slight delays generally. "Ploy" will still be here every month, and I hope to get something else - either fanzine reviews or something of that ilk - in at least bi-monthly.

See you next month.



TERRY CARR'S ENTROPY REPRINTS

PAT. PENDING

Here's a quick fanhistory test-question for you: Who was the co-editor of HYPHEN?

HYPHEN was the most famous fannish fanzine ever published, and of course you know the "primary editor" was Walt Willis. You may not even have known he had a co-editor, though (or you may have forgotten). Would you guess it was Bob Shaw? James White? George Charters?

You'd be wrong if you picked any of them. The co-editor was Charles Randolph Harris, better known as Chuck Harris. (His first name was often spelled "Chuch"; I don't think I ever knew why.) He wasn't even an Irish fan; he was an Englishman. But he was a great letter-writer, and his correspondence with Willis before HYPHEN was started built a close friendship and a mutual admiration that led to their partnership in publishing. Harris wrote a regular column for HYPHEN, titled Random, and published at least one of the issues completely sans Willis when Walt was on his first trip to this country. The Harris-edited issue wasn't noticeably different from any other issue, as I recall it, which suggests that his hand in the works was integral to the magazine in its other issues too.

Chuck Harris's fannish image was that of a sort of naive dirty old man; he drooled in print over femmefannes and was caricatured by Arthur Thomson with his eyes bulging right through his glasses. He wrote for many fanzines of the fifties besides HYPHEN and was considered one of the best fannish writers of the time; his own publications, for FAPA and OMPA, were usually oneshots, though he published two issues of a fanzine to announce his gafiation. ("Every Issue Final" was the subtitle of the second issue.) Of his oneshots, the best was probably THROUGH DARKEST IRELAND With Knife, Fork and Spoon, a long account of his first trip to visit Belfast fandom. He drifted out of fandom shortly after he was married, though he was still active enough in 1965 to attend the London worldcon, where he proved to be as witty in person as in print. And, incidentally, he was very nice to confused foreigners like me; he and Willis led me on a whirlwind trip through the London subway system to buy steamship tickets to Ireland for our visit there after the con.

The Harris piece reprinted here is from ORION #6, October 1954; it's not a massive opus, just a short bit of horseplay that shows Harris's breezy style of wit to good effect. (I might have reprinted something longer by Harris, but I made the mistake of asking Bill and Charlene how long they wanted the reprint for this issue while they were assembling the last issue. "Short!" they cried as one. "Short!")

So here's just a bit of Harris. I think I'll wait till the editors are a little rested up before I reprint THROUGH DARKEST IRELAND in its entirety.

-- Terry Carr

HARRIS AMONG THE ARISTOCRATS

CHUCK HARRIS



First I want to make it quite clear that this isn't that nasty old Chuck Harris who'd call you a fugghead or a deadhead (or even both!) as soon as look at you. This is an entirely different Harris, a sweet lovable character, completely free from all traces of sex-mania and oozing, positively oozing friendliness right in your direction. I have vacated my pinnacle, sold my high horse to one of Hoffman's acolytes, and wouldn't dream of mentioning science fiction or fandom in case I forget where I am and get all provocative again....

For years now I've had a secret ambition. I didn't want to write an ordinary column: I didn't want to do film notes or book reviews. I wanted to be a Court Reporter, and write vignettes. (You'll notice that's as good a word as any that Gold has paid 3 cents for.) I had a yen to write those little newsy paragraphs which begin "Two Very Important Young People were seen with their nurse in Kensington Gardens..." and to demonstrate my knowledge of the intricacies of polo.

You see, I am qualified to write such stuff. I have mingled with Royalty. I am no hoi-polloi -- I could probably sell my reminiscences to the Sunday Pictorial if I were so inclined. I admit that I haven't mingled with all of them, but it is a positive fact that I was once on speaking terms -- no less -- with His Royal Highness Prince Phillip, Duke of Edinburgh. We were brothers in arms together.

Please enclose return postage with all autograph albums.

This happened just after I'd joined the Navy, and the first part of the world they sent me to see was North Wales. They gave me a train ticket and told me to join HMS Glendower. This turned out to be a holiday camp. Literally. They gave me a chalet to share with six other embryo heroes, and then about 600 officers and whatever all did their damndest to make a heart of oak out of me. The Duke was one of the gang.

He wasn't a Duke then, of course, but he had gold lace on his sleeve: and the first thing They taught me was that there was no distinguishable difference between commissioned ranks and the Lord God Jehovah.

The first couple of times that Phil spoke to me I didn't answer him. I was a bit shy and it seemed out of place. It happened right after breakfast every morning. He used to holler: "FCC'SLE DIVISION...DIVISION...SHUUUUUN." I was Foc'sle Division along with a

lot of other jolly jack tars. We shunned like the devil and then Gestapo agents walked up and down the lines to make derogatory remarks about our appearance and to thank God that England had an Army.

Well, then, Division was the beginning of our acquaintance, but within a week we were on far more intimate terms. I wouldn't say I hobnobbed with him, but I did talk to the man.

It happened after tea one evening when I was all dressed up in my best sailor suit. I was on my way to the Wrennery to see if a girl I'd met whilst scrubbing baking tins in the galley (I was doing the scrubbing -- like all Wrens she did little except joggle around and look decorative) wanted to trip some light fantastic with me at a NAAFI dance.

So I was walking along thinking vaguely lecherous thoughts about this girl. By one of those legendary coincidences that happen all the time, the Duke was strolling in the other direction. When I got abreast of him I threw a salute that nearly tore my arm off. He saluted right back and then, just after I'd got past him, he said: Hey, you! That was me. So I went back and stood rigidly to attention with my thumbs pressing down the sides of my trousers. Sir? I said. That was the first conversation.

He walked round me as if I were a n[redacted] on the auction block and he was Simon Legree. Ha-hmm, he said. How long have you been in the Andrew, son? (Andrew was real sailor talk for Navy.) Three weeks sir, I said proudly to my brother in arms.

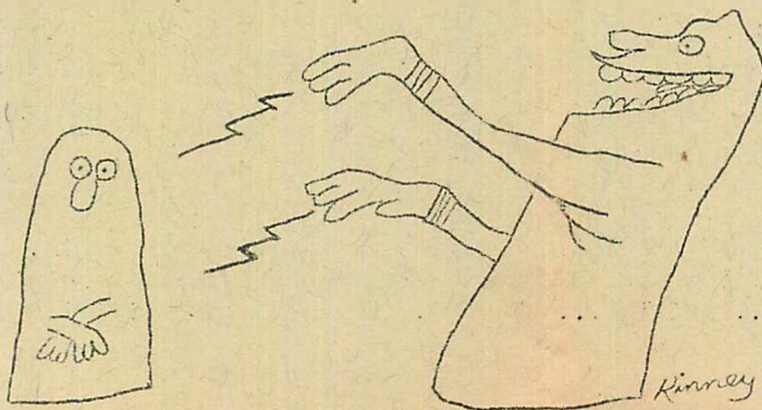
You know about saluting? he said.

Aye-aye sir, I said. (I was no sprog.) (Sprog is some more real sailor talk. It means "rookie.")

Well, he said, it's customary to salute with the right hand and not the left.

I suppose I should have explained that I was born left-handed and that I always had difficulty in remembering which was which, but I didn't feel up to it. I gave him another Aye-aye sir, and tried to look suitably penitent.

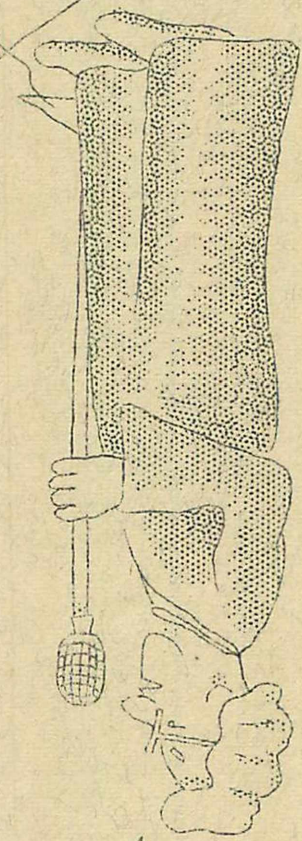
Carry on, then, he said. I saluted him again with the right hand, he saluted back with his right hand and the mingling was over. I went off towards the Wrennery and he went off towards wherever he was going. I was shipped out soon after that and never had another chance to fraternise -- but I bet there aren't many members of the beanie brigade who were taught to salute by His Royal Highness, The Duke of Edinburgh-to-be.



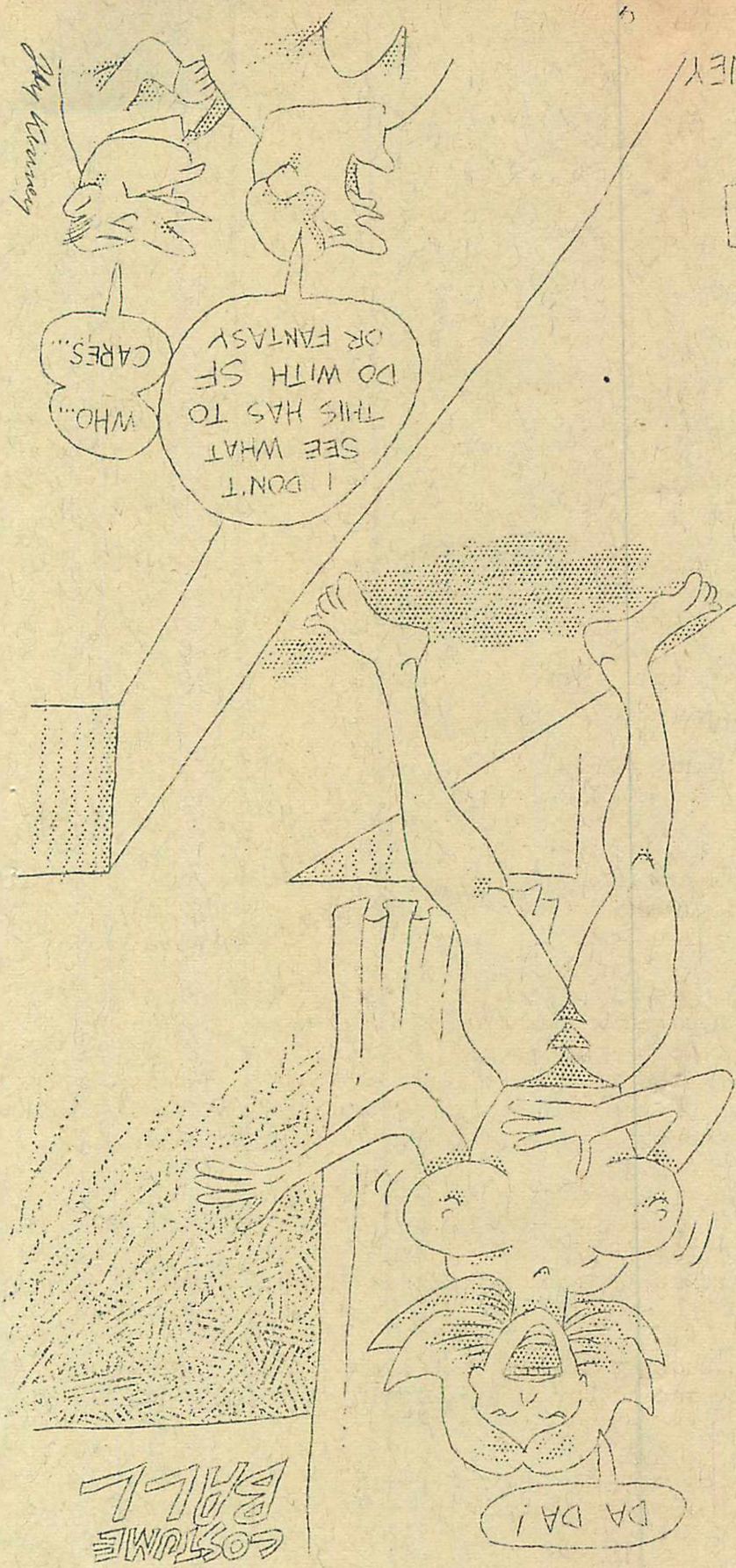
NOREASCON REPORT

By BILL KUNKEL & JAY KINNEY

... THIS



AND NOW,
HERE'S LUCY
AGASNGAGGLE
AS EARLY CAROL
PODA...



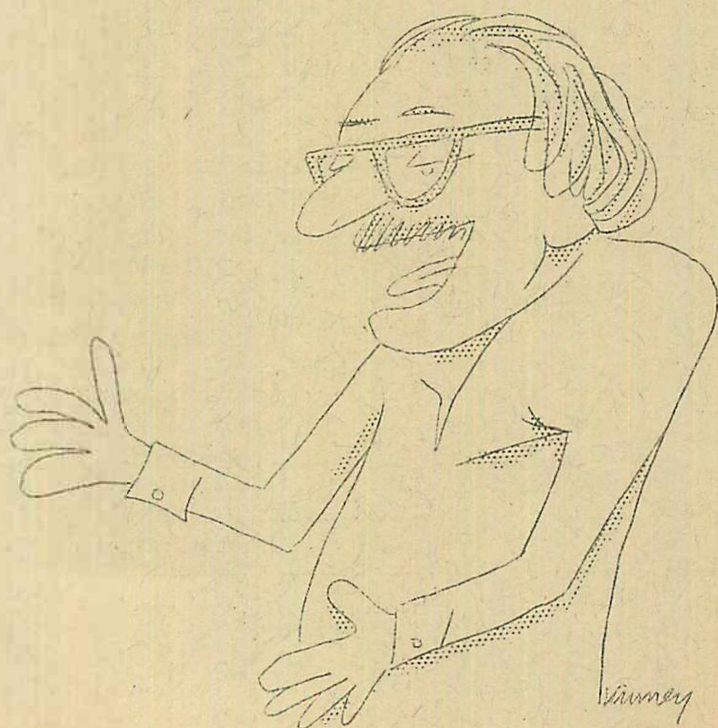
DA DA!

I DON'T
SEE WHAT
THIS HAS TO
DO WITH SF
OR FANTASY

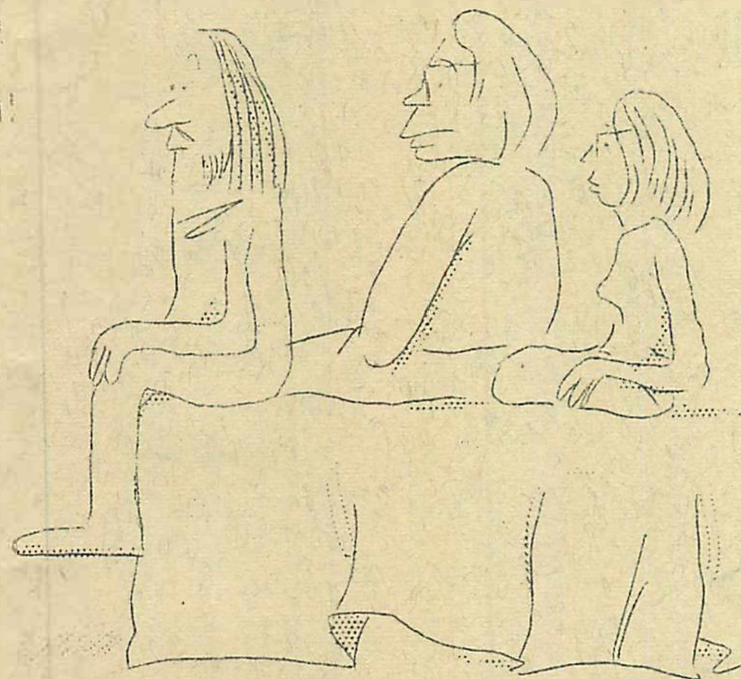
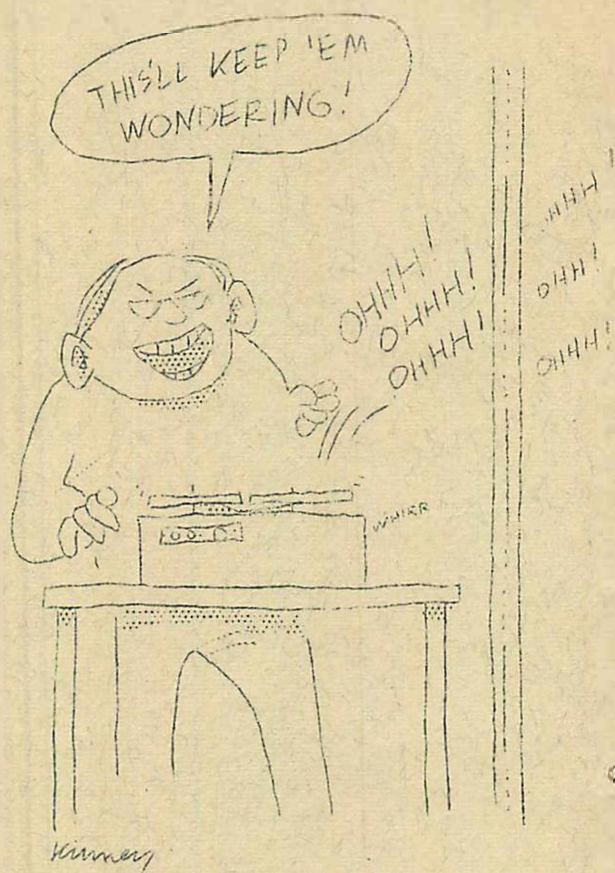
WHO...
CARES...

COSTUME
BALL

Jay Kinney



(to the left) Sid Coleman struck me, in manner and appearance, as some bold fannish blending of Salvator Dali & Tennessee Williams. He caught my attention first at a party in the Busby's room where he chatted with me and Terry Carr, his lips pursed and eyes moist, gabbing with an interestingly tipsy sort of cool.



(generally) It was just wonderful to be nodding out at a party in Bob Shaw's suite and just then have Bhob Stewart walk in and put his foot behind his head.

The Costume Ball assumed surrealistic proportions early on. I was up in the mezzanine, collapsed up against a railing, and every now and then I'd draw a cartoon.

"This is Mrs. Leroy Bulbarroon as the "4" from Ray Bradbury's "Fahrenheit 451!"
clapclapclapclapclapclapclapclapclapclap

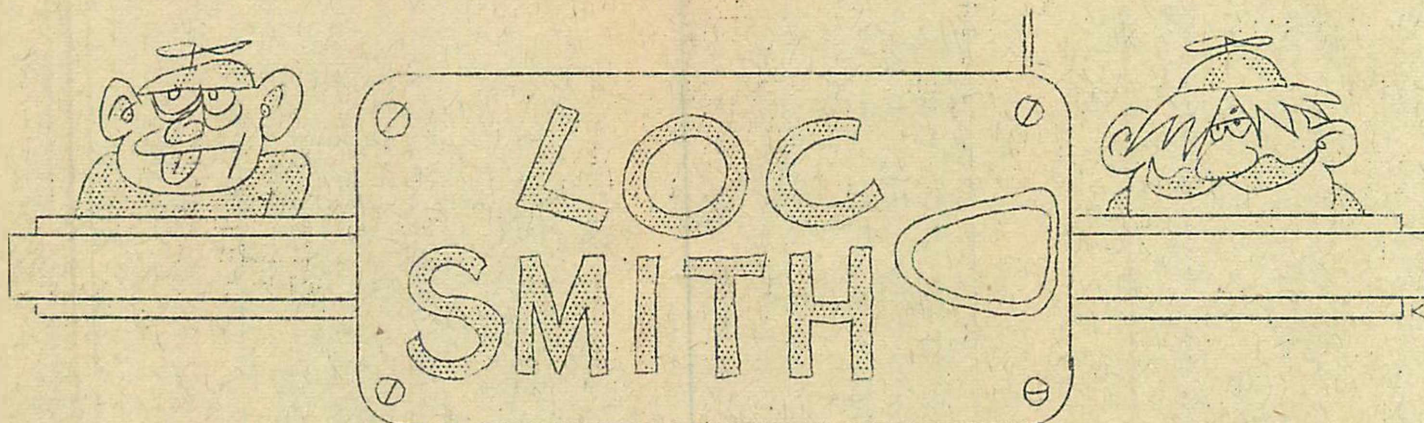
Bob Shaw would be standing there. His face is so still, and his ruddy Irish complexion was a trifle flushed from the Scotch. And he would be shifting from foot to foot, like a friendly kid who's a shade nervous.
"Anyone, umm, want a drink then?" he'd ask.

(above) We were sitting in Arnie & Joyce's room, commenting on the view, when suddenly our conversation was halted by an abrupt moan emanating from the next room. "Oooooooooohhhh," came the female moan, and we heard it so clearly through the cardboard walls. Orgasmic fruition, it was. "Oooooooooohhhhhh!" she repeated for someone's benefit, this time a bit louder. She was treading on enchanted ground. And, immature children that we were, we laughed.

The moaning persisted at well-timed intervals (giving everyone a chance to hear it) for the duration of the con. The second day, however, the guy from the room approached Arnie, shook his hand, and said, "Don't mind the noise." We didn't mind it a bit. It was fun.

THIS IS A MICRO-ELITE INTERLINEATION

TELL ME, DO THE NUMBERS 0804 AND 2340 MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?



GREG SHAW

64 Taylor Dr.
Fairfax, California
94930

I can't tell you how delighted I was to receive RATS! #9. Your name was slightly familiar, but I couldn't quite place it (ah, fleeting fannish fame!) and didn't realize you were an older fan returned to our midst until I got to Harry Warner's thing. But I should've known a new fan couldn't put together such an excellent fanzine. I hope you will stay around awhile this time, for most of the good faanish fmz seem to have folded in the last few months, and new blood is most desperately needed. I thank you for the kind words. Actually, on my first go-round in fandom, about three to four years ago, I was about sixteen and published five issues of GENOOK, a neoish crudzine, and seven RATS!, which was more or less a letter substitute. But as to the faanish fanzine scene, it seems to be growing healthier and healthier. Why in just the last three weeks I heard Ross Chamberlain, Steve Stiles, rich brown, and Mike McInerney all discuss fanzines in the works. bk7

Charlene brings up a very good point about "All in the Famil," and in fact if the show wasn't so funny I don't think people would put up with all the inconsistencies in it. Not only is Mike an unrealistic college student, he's a real creep too; I identify with Archie a lot more--at least he has a sense of humor. The local TV columnist recently reprinted a batch of British reviews of the show, all of which lambasted it in the most contemptuous terms. Apparently it is so watered down from the original English series from which it was adapted that its deficiencies, to them, cannot be overlooked. I think it's pretty funny, not as funny as the Mary Tyler Moore show (for example) but funny enough, and that's about as much as you can realistically expect. Good satire is just too heavy for American TV, and unfortunately outside the tastes of the stodgy eggheads who run educational TV.

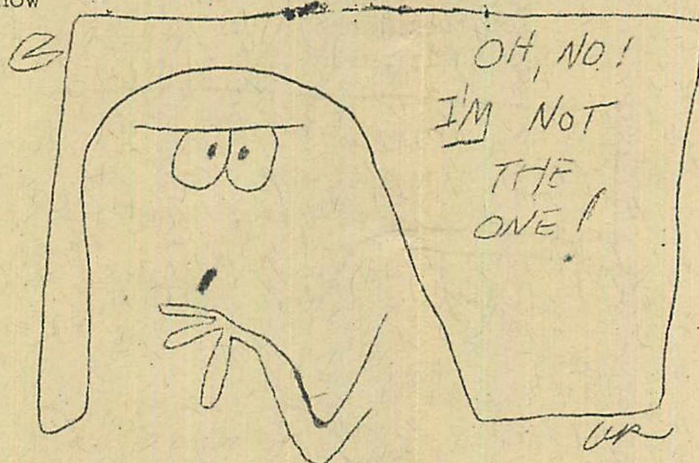
I never tire of reading Harry Warner's explanations of how he writes his famous locs. In fact, the only thing I tire of is his constant references to the onset of doddering old age, when in point of fact he happens to be five years younger than my father, who still has dark black hair and works a 60 hour week loading and driving trucks, and has never looked healthier. When I forget this I always find myself worrying that Harry will be shuffling off this mortal coil any month now, leaving his vastly important projects, like the second Fanhistory volume, uncompleted, and I begin to resent the time wasted on his letters of comment. But Harry will probably be carrying on just the same when most of us are senile, and I find that a comforting thought. How old is Harry?

I was brought down by Bill's comments on the "Hellstrom Chronicle" because I've been looking forward to seeing it. From his description, it sounds a lot (in fact, almost exactly!) like a film I saw in tenth grade Biology, in 1964. It began with a scientist explaining the adaptability and omnipresence of insects, went into footage of locust swarms and army ant rampages, featured a lot of neat close-ups, explained the adaptability/insecticide vicious circle, and in short scared the pants off me. Yeah, I would say that that, in essence, was the same film as Chronicle. For remaking this in 64 millimeters, this guy certainly doesn't deserve the million bucks he's likely to realize. Oh well, maybe the fact he got away with it is a good sign. Perhaps someday I'll

letters:::

find something to plagiarize and make a million myself.

What can I say about Ray Nelson? He's great! If I can get over my prejudice against educational broadcasting, I'll try to tune in on his show, but if I forget I don't have to worry, cause I can read it in RATS! "The Cosmic Circle"; ha, just like him to give his show a title unlikely to be understood by any of its listeners, but calculated to blow the mind of any oldtime fan that happened to tune in. Hey Ray, I thot Heinlein lived in Colorado or Arizona or something like that? Or am I thinking of Barry Goldwater? Anyway, I think Mr. Nelson may be too close to Dick to have an objective opinion (yeah, I know "objective" is the wrong word to use with Dick, but you know what I mean), because Phil is my alltime favorite SF writer yet I don't do any of the headtrips Ray describes over him, and besides that, my friend Len Bailes, whose fave is also Phil Dick, enthuses over him from an entirely different perspective, delighting in the paranoid/schiz complexities that his own warped mind identifies with. There is not a trace of paranoia or schizophrenia in me, I dig Dick chiefly for the intricacy of his stories and the real challenge of seeing how many levels of



meaning you can discern. Like, it gave me a charge to discover at a recent con, that I was one of only 3 Dick fans present who understood that all the characters in "Ubik" were dead from the start...

Speaking of that convention, which was the recent Westercon, I ran into old Ray Nelson there, first time since I'd seen him at a New Years party back in 65 or so when, as I recall, he was totally naked, had long hair, was drunk, and possibly playing some sort of musical instrument. Imagine my surprise then, to encounter this heavy, bald gentleman dressed in mortuarial black, unrecognizable as Ray Nelson except for his namebadge and an irrepressible twinkle about the corners of his eyes. Metting him again was one of the high points of that con for me, and I hope his appearance there and in your pages heralds a return to fandom on his part. [And maybe some more cartoons, maybe...?]

Congratulations on your forthcoming wedding, I guess; [You Guess!/] I don't know either of you, so you may be the most mis-matched couple in history, that's none of my business. Have a good one, and try not to write as much about it as was written about Arnie & Joyces. [To tell you the truth, it's very hard for me to shut up about it, since it's on my mind so often and occupies so much of what I do. I imagine the same was true of Joyce and Arnie. Besides, the subject has a lot of potential.]

P.S. What kind of "wry fannish reference" is "this space is void"? I thought the fannish tradition was for Ed Cox to doodle in blank spaces? Everyone knows "Void" was the best edited, most impeccably reproduced, focal-pointish fanzine of all time, except maybe for STELLAR; I can't remember, it's been a couple of months since the last Ted White article on the subject appeared. [Of course I know all that. But, don't you see, Greg, if that space was filled, it wouldn't have been "void", would it? The reference was merely to the title, not the contents. All right, so it wasn't wry. But I can dig white bread too.]

letters::::

JONH INGHAM

Have to disagree with you about NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD. I walked 21157 Kingscrest Dr. into that movie about 1/3 of the way through, and came out emotion-ally and physically exhausted, refusing to sit through the part I missed. Sure it's full of explicit blood and gore, which I didn't really think helped it, but there's an incredible amount of tension. When they take the truck to the pump, will they get back? Logic says yes, since the good guys always win. But there are a heck of a lot of zombies waiting, and gosh, maybe they won't. Sure nuff--they don't. But what a spectacular demise! And the daughter, lying sick in the basement. You know she's going to die and become a zombie, but they don't, and as the action keeps getting back to her as she gets sicker, the tension keeps rising as you wait for her to wake up and attack. That sequence was a masterpiece of editing. [You felt it. I didn't. And why the hell didn't they know she was going to become a zombie? They knew that once the zombies bit you, or whatever, when you passed away, you would pass back, but as a zombie. Surely they could've figured this out.] Also, from talking to other people, I think your opinion is a minority. [Of course it is. It's only my opinion. But don't be misled by the masses, Jonh, don't let them jerks make yer mind up for ye. They'll grow up to be dullards little better than their parents. Remember, art is art is art is!]



It probably comes down to personal feelings/emotions/etc. at the time, which colour a film. For instance, when did you first see The Blob, and how old were you? [Were you raised in a barn? Don't you know better than to ask such a question in mixed company?]

MIKE GLICKSOHN

32 Maynard Ave. Apt. 205,
Toronto 156, Ontario,
Canada

The essential part of fannishness (if there is such a thing; our panel on the subject at Pghlange agreed that fannishness was too personal a concept to define accurately) seems to me to be the concept of enjoying fandom as something worthwhile above and beyond sf itself. It also seems to me that pro-

claiming that anything else is a waste of time is the antithesis of the fannish concept and it disturbs me to see either side of the fannish-sercon debate belittling the others for their taste in material. [Yes, that's true, and although I don't feel that's exactly what I said, that's all been settled. I did want to mention, however, that I have featured such things as book reviews in every issue but this, and I plan to write some commentary on Roger Zelazny's "Jack of Shadows" -- perhaps in next issue's "Paper Tigers" section. And I'm still open to all sorts of material, so long as it's good, and have plans of even running a sfictional "Entropy Reprint" in the near future, or as soon as Terry Gets Settled. How's that for straddling the fence, I bet even you couldn't do it as well, Mike!]

letters:::

MIKE GLICKSOHN What we have here is the latest RATS! [10] an enjoyable fanzine that
(again) unfortunately only inspires me to the sort of comment I've been making
 to many other fanzines lately and which I fully expect to go into in
considerable detail at the Noreascon. I refer to the current fannish/non-fannish/LOCUS/
FOCAL POINT discussion, of course. Personally I think you weaken a fine zine by dealing
so adamantly in personalities, but I guess that's the prerogative of the editor of a
personalzine. (And any editor who doesn't personally cut out a sentence that uses the
word "personal" in three forms, ain't no real editor, in my ~~per~~ own opinion.) [Hm, I
just realized that I didn't personally edit it either.]

 Thoroughly enjoyed the cover, the superb Leman reprint, and Ray Nelson's literate
and perceptive comments. Susan would doubtless have things to say about Charlene's ed-
itorial but she's busy doing the ironing and the cleaning and other female co-editor
type things (which, of course, are all contributions to the life of which the fanzine is
a part -- or something! -S.G.) But I'm sure she'd be in sympathy with you...if I let her
be.

 Terry's reprint of the Bob Leman piece was one of the best of his current series.
It's work like this that does more to prove the claims of the fannishly orientated fans
than all the snide comments and insults one could make. I regret to have to admit that
before Terry's column, I'd never even heard of Leman, let alone read his stuff, and this
local-ized evidence of the ephemerality of fannish fame just drives home to me the ludi-
cousness of the entire "war" that is currently being waged. In ten years, who's going to
give a damn? [Bob Leman.] So why not just enjoy what we're all doing and let the other
guy do likewise?

 RATS! pleases me. Not all of it, but that's my preferences coming to the fore, but
enough that I'd like to keep on getting it. To which end I offer this not too fascinating
response in the hope that it will prove enough for at least one more issue. [Certainly.]

RAY NELSON I liked your cover... and your dream. You should dream about Nazi
333 Ramona Ave. women more often. Nazi women are always funny. I don't know why.
El Cerrito, Calif. When, in a dream, you see a Nazi woman coming toward you, goose-
94530 stepping along with her cute little whip and jackboots, you know
 you're going to have a wild night of it.

 Charlene Komar should lie down here on this couch and tell us more about her
delusions. Crazy women are almost as funny as Nazi women. Tell me, Charlene...do you
play the banjo?

 Now this Ray Nelson guy... he's gotta be kidding. NeoVictorianism indeed! This
guy is obviously hung up in past lives, but a little Scientology auditing will fix
him up.

 The idea of a "Traveling Convention" isn't really too bad. I think Claude Degler
actually did cross the country like that. Where other men only dream, Claude took action!

 I don't know why Jerry Kaufman should say I do "paranoid things." I wonder if
he's plotting against me.

 I just finished shaving my head.

 I thought about shaving the eyebrows too, but I use my eyebrows a lot for frown-
ing at my inferiors.

 Charlene, have you ever shaved your head? It would really make you stand out in a
crowd. I predict that the first woman who shaves her head in fandom will live eternally
and become rich and famous. I also predict that the sun will rise tomorrow. I also predict
that Jackie Kennedy Onassis will spend a lot of money next month. Well, as prophecy goes,
one out of three is not bad.

 I lost 25 pounds in two monthes. How much did you lose? Now I weigh only 200 lbs.
You should see me in a bathing suit.

 Soon Harlan Ellison's anthology, "More Dangerous Visions" will be published by

letters:::

Doubleday. It contains a story by me called "Time Travel for Pedestrians". It's a dirty story but it will get me a Hugo for sure, and if I have a Hugo you'll like me even if I am old and fat and have a shaved head.

I like to fly on Jet airliners. I feel so detached up there above the clouds. You know what I mean? I make vast cosmic plans. I dream of a huge Megafandom that devours the world. I don't think what you do for a living is very important. You define and express yourself as a consumer, not a producer. Only as a consumer are you really yourself. Someday all the different fandoms will combine into one huge fandom that includes the whole human race... we'll all be infinite consumers, and the machines will do all the work. At least, that's the way things look from the window of a jet airliner.

Little Willie killed a bear.
There was nothing left but hair.
Mama said, "No more will you
Be visiting the Petting zoo."

a little willie...

LANE LAMBERT Bad thing is, no one else around here (Boaz, I mean) is as heavy on
Rt. 2 Bruce Rd., the idea of going to cons and so forth as I am. (Also, my parents are
Boaz, Ala. not sure of my going to Nawluns or such locales since I'm just 18.
35957 Perhaps I won't have to wait long...

And you really dreamed most of that dream?! I wish I had dreams like that. I wonder if Terry Carr's dream-thing in Warhoon 27 was real (if such is real) or fabricated.

Shades of your own editorializing in issues 9 and 10 sound like variations on a theme by Arnie and his ilk; you are showing individuality of style in with that, tho. I'm looking forward to reading the Totally Individualistic Bill Kunkel at some future date. /I don't know, but since you're not the first to mention it, I suppose my writing might show some Katz influence. It comes from writing in an unfamiliar form and being forced to draw from other sources until you get going under your own steam./

ALJO SVOBODA When I first saw your fanzine, I thought it was a hoax put out by Arnie
1203 Buoy Ave., Katz as a replacement for FOCAL POINT. Thus, by writing this loc, I'm
Orange, Calif. taking a chance of writing to a non-existant person at a non-existant
92665 adress. Why am I taking this chance? Well, under the mailing label there
was inscribed this message: "loc?". At first glance, I thought it was in
pen. The egohoo this provided me ("They want me to write a letter of comment to them!")
was enough to last me for a faanish lifetime. Now of course I realize that it was prob-
ably mimeographed on, but then... /No, Aljo, that cryptic message was indeed done by
hand--by my hand in fact, after Arnie had mentioned you as being a promising young fan./

You do have hope for your fanzine in the form of Charlene Komar. There is at least one sane person among you. I'm glad at least she realizes that airplanes don't really fly. However, I hasten to tell you that there is absolutely no danger in an airplane flight. It's all just an elaborate hoax put on by the airline companies. You get on board the airplane and supposedly take off into the air. Stuff and nonsense! Actually they show a film (animated, not real) of the ground below to make you think you are in the air, while they are really going by train or boat to the destination listed. They couldn't fool me long!

Little Willie, with a howl,
Stabbed the baby in the bowel.
Mama said, "I greatly fear,
Such toilet training's too severe."

letters:::

MIKE HORVAT
P.O. Box 286
Tangent, Oregon 97389

At 25 I'm the biggest kid you ever saw. A couple of years ago I tossed a bottled note into the sea, promising the finder riches beyond imagining if he'd write to me. That bottle must have found its way to New York, as that's the only way I can imagine your coming across my name; thanks for not demanding the riches &c (finances are more shaky now than two years ago.) [Weird, but we haven't a card for you in our mlg. list, Mike, and neither do we recall mailing you a copy. Must have been kismet or somesuch. But no, the grandest riches we ever demand are fine letters of comments, in which dept. you have filled your quota.]

RATS! 10 came, totting along with it your familiar lament about "is anyone out there?" -- well, yes; I'm here, BFD. I'm sending out some five issues of a fanzine with circulation of somewhere around 220, I've only rec'd about ten loc's all told. That used to discourage me -- it did, that is, until I realized that the audience came secondarily (to me) and I can survive just imagining the fans poring over my fnz but not writing due to broken arms, shingles, or a variety of nervous disorders. [Yes, well we've picked up incredibly over the last issue

with about 1/3 to 1/2 of our 160 readership responding in some way. This did a lot for the both of us cause, had response continued at that low ebb, there would not have been many more issues of RATS!]

I'm drifting back to the turn of the century -- not too much yet in reading matter, more in the way of furnishings. I make a good deal of my food money by buying and reselling "antiques" from the 1890-1935 era...and a good many of them end up in my home (an ex-Methodist church, ca 1871). It creates an eerie atmosphere -- only comparable to reading Lovecraft by candle; alone in a bunker during a monsoon. Although, come to think of it, the atmosphere was plenty thick around here when I read most of Clark Ashton Smith in the church basement (the only cool place for miles around this summer). By candle, natch.

course, however, I suffer MORE (certainly) with a forty pound cat on the bed...particularly as this cat has a purr like the caroj of the d'zertanoj in Harrison's "ethical Engineer". (Thought you might like at least one sf reference.) [Thass ok.]

LOREN MacGREGOR Do you realize that you've effectively doubled the number of fanzines that
1020 Ne 89th I respond to with your heart-rending plea for locs? How could anyone re-
Seattle, Wash. sist such a sad tale? (Actually, since I've just recently decided to
98115 degafiate, it wasn't much of a decision. I'll only have to start mailing
all those letters I've written.)

At any rate, thanks for RATS!, and I promise to keep it warm and feed it properly if you continue to send it to me.

Your comments about flying interested me: I've never been flying, but I have the most perverse desire to do so. Perverse because I have a nice case of acrophobia working for me, so I persistently climb the highest trees, buildings, etc. It doesn't work. Actually, the higher I get (Past a certain point) the less real the ground below me seems to be, and so my fear of heights is correspondingly lessened.

Little Willie, just for show,
Shrunk his sister to H.O.

But when he locked her in his fort,
Mama said, "You're on report."

letters conclude:::

I'm sorry, but I can't agree with Ray Nelson's criticism of the importance of style, the validity of technique critique, the concentration on form. I don't consider it debatable that form shouldn't be considered exclusive of content-- I consider that axiomatic. But it seems (or am I misinterpreting?) that Mr. Nelson is arguing that the reverse is true; that content should reign exclusive of form. Even those Victorian writers whom Ray admires so were writing most consciously in the literary style of an age, and some of them could become quite ponderous in persuing that style. (For example: Much as I admire The Worm Ourobours, I find the writing style quite indigestible at times.)

JERRY KAUFMAN The dream was incredible. Can you really remember in such detail, or
417 W 118th St. did you flesh it out a bit? [First half was as I dreamt it, the second
Apt. 63, NY, NY was all made up.] I've continued to have odd dreams, but beyond having
10027 Samuel R Delany in them occasionally as a character, and having the
 ability to fly around in a school cafeteria, they haven't been very
fannish. [Well, then, before retiring drink a glass of warm milk and eat a copy of VOID.]

I read my way through Charl's column (frightening) and Ray Nelson's (enlightening) and through Bob Leman's (woof) until I came to the short T. Bruce Yerke piece. And was struck by lightning! Something here was nibbling at my mind... and then I had it. Yerke had predated my idea, or perhaps merely foreshadowed it, by twenty-five years.

And that idea? The Traveling Fanzine.

Look, postage is going up by at least 100% in the next 5 years. Mailing fanzines will be a thing of the past, because none of us will be able to pay the cost. It would be cheaper to wander around on our own, visiting people. In fact, it would be cheaper and much more entertaining if certain fans were to make a full-time career of traveling from town to town, carrying news, anecdotes, wierd ideas. None of this mimeo drudgery any more. Type a story or article once and never have to stencil it. Do a drawing, and never worry if the faned will do a clumsy hand-tracing or a shallow electro-stencil. And never have to do a pointless letter of comment to get the next issue. Just put up the Traveling Fanzine for a night or two, read all his material and listen to all his witty conversation, add your own comments, and he's on his way. (Oh, in case you were wondering, Chris Couch is the prototype.) (If you were wondering.) [I was.]

Oh RATS! The back page just ripped off.

WILL STRAW On #9 - About a year ago, I decided that SAMSON and THE WAX MUSEUM
303 Niagra Blvd. beat out AIRBORNE as the worst film I'd ever seen; then I saw a whole
Fort Erie, Ont., slew of Mexican horror films on the Buffalo ABC station and decided
Can. that it probably wasn't all that worse than the others. And Arthur C.
 Clarke says that the worst books are those so bad you can't remember
them - applying the same criterion for judging quality to films, I suppose the Samson series comes out fairly close to the top. I still remember one dialogue exchange after two years (Police officer: "In my opinion, you are an amazing man." Samson: "I only do what I can to wipe out crime and injustice.") which is very unusual.

Sorry that the editing of letters was so severe. Will also mentioned that he found it strange that Charlene watched a show ("All in the Family") "dominated by a husband & wife who are, I hope, as far from representing a typical American couple as anything on tv, but come away unconvinced by one of the supporting cast." But I think they are extremely typical:::WAHF: Many many, and next issue the locolumn will be in microelite. Robert Coulson says that the reason we don't get locs is because I talk about Stellar-- but that was last issue, & we got tons this time. He also says that since I so enthused over that old fmz he doesn't know if he should trade with us. *sigh* Justin St. John says fandom is middle-class because cons cost money and that cons should be held outdoors like rock festivals. & Rick Stoker, Dave Szurek, Pat Kelly & quite a few more. Keep writing folks, I may print some of these locs next issue. I was more than pleased with the response this time out.



Jay Kinney, Charlene, and Bill were over for dinner one recent Sunday evening, and the conversation eventually turned to the subject of substances which would get you high while at the same time destroying your mind and body. Bill mentioned a dreadful sounding concoction called Angel Dust, composed of ether and formaldehyde, which he swore had ravaged Queens a year ago, and we were off on a tour of the shady side of the pharmacopea.

After we had wrinkled our noses with just the proper frisson of danger recognized but avoided at glue sniffers and the young Japanese who are passing out on the streets of Tokyo from breathing something like cleaning fluid, Joyce told us a quaint story of her home in Missouri.

"You can't buy liquor on Sunday," she began. "So Saturday evening all the alcoholics line up at the local drugstore and buy--" I groaned with the certainty of what she was about to say, "-- Aqua Velva."

"It really must be strange to be an Aqua Velva head," I said, stating the obvious. "I mean, it's very hard to fool yourself into thinking you're drinking because you like the taste when you're quaffing A-V."

"They're putting Aqua Velva into the little emergency bags on airliners," Charlene said. We all bumbled forth our visions of the plane going down while the passengers and crew were busily splashing on Aqua Velva from the emergency kits to give them that fresh, clean feeling so necessary for a good air disaster. And of course, there's bound to be at least one guy who drinks his ration instead, an A-V head to the last.

"Wait a minute!" said Joyce, interrupting the general pandemonium. "I just realized something. The alcoholics buy their Aqua Velva Sunday, not Saturday night."

"Can you imagine," I offered, "a guy who has gotten so far into A-V that he forgets he started buying it as a substitute? There he is, Saturday night, and he gets a flash that he should run down to the drugstore and get his A-V for Sunday, so that he won't have to get up early Sunday morning to lay in his supply."

"You know what a real A-V head does?" I asked.

"No, Arnie, what does a real A-V head do," they answered. I have them trained very well now.

down the hatch:::

"When a real Aqua Velva man gets down to serious drinking, he sets things up for the old A-V by first downing a bottle of Williams 'Lectric Shave, just to get things primed."

Having astounded us with her tale of shaving lotion guzzlers, Joyce now revealed her knowledge of an even further-out group. "Some people get off on sterno," she announced.

"Sterno?" Dill asked. "Someone drinks sterno? Sterno?"

"Yes, they strain it through bread."

"I suppose there are real connoisseurs of sterno, kingpins of the sterno-head sub-culture, who make a thing of straining their sterno through different kinds of bread," I said.

"Like white bread or rye," Joyce offered.

"Yes," I said. "Or can you imagine a stern-head --"

"They're 'stunkies'," Dill interjected.

"--a stunkie who has a thing about sterno and Monks bread," I finished.

Someone pointed out that if a devotee of Aqua Velva would have a hard time rationalizing his habit, a stunkie would find it next to impossible.

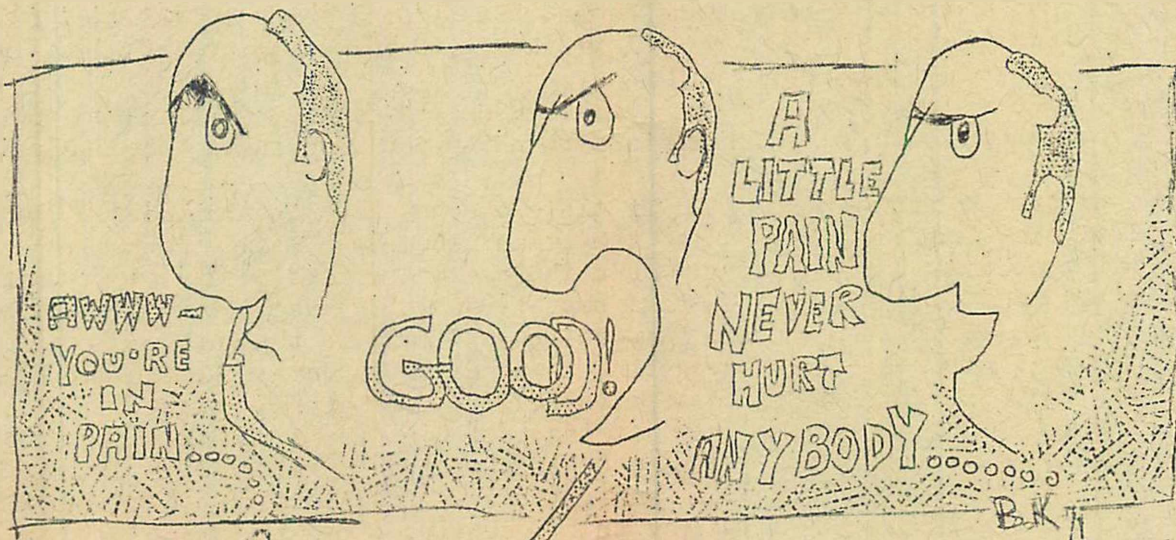
I began to set the scene. "You're on an airliner, and the stewardess comes up to your seat and says, 'Coffee, tea, or milk? Or would you like a drink, sir,'" I assumed the posture of a passenger in a recliner seat. "Why, yes, a drink would be very nice," you say. "What have you got?" She consults her list and replies, 'We have scotch, bourbon, whiskey sours, screw drivers...' 'Got any sterno?' you interrupt."

"And then you go around to the other passengers," said Bill. "You run up and down the aisle of the plane saying things like, 'You don't want your two slices of bread, do you?'"

We were laughing so hard by this time that Charlene almost spilled the corflu before the rest of us could get our drinks.

-Arnie Katz

Up in Willie's torture tower/Sister screamed for half an hour/When there was nothing more
to hear,/Mama said, "That's better, dear." / a little willie



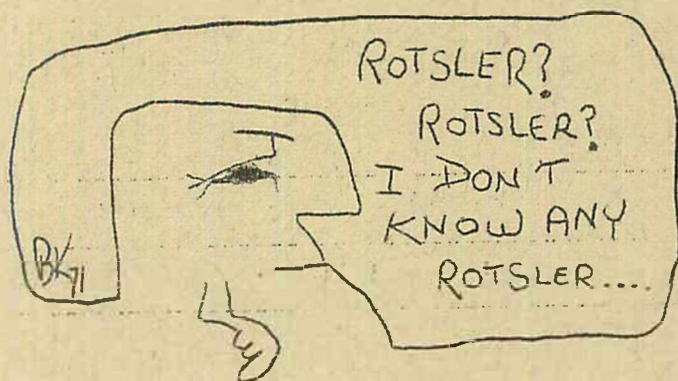
Paper Tigers

REVIEWS
by
CHARLENE
KOMAR

This is the first appearance of "Paper Tigers," a review column that will sometimes deal with fanzines, sometimes with books, and sometimes with whatever we feel like at the moment. It will be written by either Bill or I or by both of us. In short, it's pretty open. This issue it's fanzine reviews, and all zines reviewed have women editors."

GRAFALLOON #13 (Linda E. Dushyager, 111 Macdade Blvd., Apt. B211, Sutton Arms, Folsom, Pa. 19033; available for 60¢, 4/\$2.00, all for all trades, articles, artwork, or substantial letters.)

I much fear that this is one fanzine that will never realize its considerable potential, since it's now in its 13th issue and shows no signs of doing so. I think that this issue is pretty representational. Linda does consistently carry some of the best articles around, and there are several very good pieces present in #13. Bob Tucker's "The Heart in Hartford City" is really outstanding. Tucker nominates Duck Coulson for the Dig Heart Award and quotes from various pieces by Coulson to illustrate his most heartwarming qualities. It's one of the funniest things I've read for a while, and I think it's the best thing in the issue.



There are two articles on art in #13: Alex Eisenstein descends to name-calling ("To Hell with Ron Miller - His Artistic Snobbery and Aesthetic Absurdities"), and Jodie Offutt writes "The Sweetheartists" in which she takes three pages to say that most people aren't qualified to or oriented toward criticizing art, and does a poor job of it at that. She

starts with an idea that isn't bad at all: using coloring with her kids as a jumping-off point for the article, but she handles it badly and the remainder of the article just falls apart. She talks for a while about how nice artists are (what that has to do with talent I'll never know), and mentions "Don Staton." From her comments it seems she means Joe Staton, who never was and isn't now nearly as obscure as she presents him.

This issue also features the conclusion of John Derry's "I Have Seen the Future and It Is Scruffy." The article has been held back for some time and it definitely suffers for it, since unfortunately Johnny's predictions are in practice short-range, despite the fact that he presents them for five years in the future. Many have already been proven wrong, and the article is a fiasco.

There are two personal columns present, and although this sort of writing appeals to me greatly these pieces are really disappointing. Sandra Miesel departs from her usual topics in "Chatelaine"; unfortunately she doesn't handle this type of writing well, perhaps because it's too alien to her usual style. Rosemary Ulliot's "Coddled Eggs" has a different problem: it starts off very well but the last half is extremely weak and a great let-down.

An excellent set of articles is Ted White's "The Trouble with Trouble", in which he explains his difficulties with the publishers of his latest book, a juvenile novel called Trouble on Project Ceres, and the first chapter of that book, which was deleted by the

paper tigers::::

publisher. The second chapter is scheduled for the next issue, and I'm really looking forward to it. The first chapter is interesting and well-written, and I was glad to see it published. I think this illustrates one of the best functions of a middle-of-the-road fanzine like GRANFALLOON. This selection also has the best layout in the issue, with excellent Steve Fabian illos drawn for the story.

There's also an article by David Emerson on Jefferson Starship, more boring book reviews by Richard Delap, and some fine fanzine reviews by "Jeff Glencannon." GRANFALLOON also regularly features something else I like in principle, an art portfolio, but this month's drawings by Connie Reich Faddis are poor. Linda's editorial has some good topics, but it's too choppy. I think that if she gave it more work it could be really good.

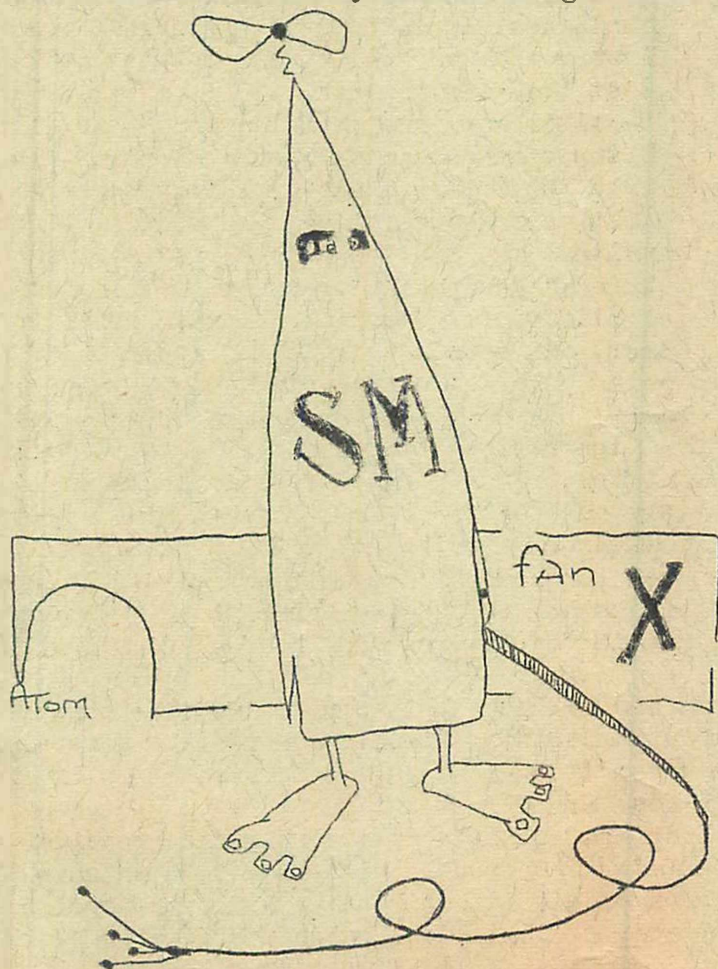
I do dislike GRANFALLOON's layout. It's mechanical and unimaginative, with absolutely no flair evident. All too often size is emphasized, and the large-scale layout doesn't hide its poor quality. Artwork tends to have no connection with the article it illustrates. The interior appearance of GRANFALLOON is boring and annoying, despite the fact that it features most top artists with much attractive work.

My greatest complaint with this issue is the lack of a letter column. There is easily enough poor material that could have - should have - been dropped to put in a good-sized lettercol. If this had been done, it would have improved the issue 100%.

NO #8 (Ruth Derman, 5620 Edgewater Boulevard, Minneapolis, Minn. 55417, for trade, letter of comment, or 25¢/issue. Contributors get the issue their material appears in and the following issue. Irregular; three times a year.)

This fanzine is really embarrassing. There isn't one written piece in here that isn't

awful. "A Letter from Marjory Daw," by Nan Braude, chronicles her adventures as a campus agent of U.N.C.L.E. This would possibly be passable in a fanzine by and for 11 year-olds, but it's absolutely painful to see it here. There's a short poem called "Look What They've Done to Strider" by Eleanor Arnason which is about on the same level. Ruth also publishes another of her reports written for a seminar on Victorian literature, "George MacDonald's Dreamers," which is ploddingly dull. "The Saga of Olaf Loudsnore" (Chapter ~~ca~~) by John Boardman tells the story of the title character and his finding of a tree root made of gold, equal in every dimension, original property of the first king of the house of Minus. Some thought should give you the painful pun that ends the piece (and is its point, I presume). "No and Yes," the lettercol, is very short (a little over one page), poorly laid out, and what's worse, no one has anything of interest to say. The repro is fairly good for ditto, and the layout is functional. I do think that there could be more interior art. What there is is generally good and well-reproduced. The cover, by Ken Fletcher, is outstanding.



paper tigers:::

POTLATCH #5 (Joyce Katz, 59 Livingston Street, Apt. 6-B, Brooklyn, New York 11201; available for letters-of-comment and contributions, trades with fmz not trading with FOCAL POINT, no subs, 35¢ cash for one issue.)

POTLATCH is a personal zine, and the best of that type that I've seen. This issue, the editorial is appropriately the high point. It tells of Joyce's childhood in rural Missouri and is thoroughly fascinating. The writing is just outstanding. Joyce neatly introduces the topic from an account of a Happy & Artie Traum concert, and each shift in event is accomplished as smoothly. The eight pages of vignettes of varying length reveal life in and around Poplar Bluff as effectively, I think, as could be accomplished by a less-talented writer in ten times the space. It hit the perfect note of recalling to mind one's own childhood while giving some real insight into such an alien (to me, at least) way of life.

About the same length as the editorial is the lettercol, "Counting Coup." These pages contain some excellent and enjoyable letters from a good variety of fans. Ross Chamberlain did the heading, and it's priceless.

"West Coast Jass" by Pete Graham is presented in Terry Carr's "Entropy Reprints." It's composed of selections from Pete's editorials in VOID #22, 24, 26, 28 and LIGHTHOUSE #13. Pete is enjoyable all around, but I particularly enjoyed his plan for getting egoboo forever.

Fanhstory is the topic in Arnie Katz' column, "The Golden Bagel." It isn't Arnie's best writing, but the idea is interesting: a Society for Creative Fanaconism. All sorts of great moments in fandom could come alive once again. The idea has a strange appeal.

Lastly, there's Bob Tucker's "Beard Mumbblings" which this month discusses Bob's pet hates in fandom. Although I agree with him in just about every case, I didn't really enjoy the column. It's hard to say why; the writing is excellent and it avoids carping. Still, I found it rather boring.

Just about my only real complaint is the layout. Art is well-placed and well suited for the article it illustrates, but I would like to see more of it and some larger illos as well. What art there is is excellent and by some of fandom's best artists. The cover, as always, is by Jay Kinney and manages to suit POTLATCH perfectly. It's quite good and awfully funny.

Well, I've tried to be fair and objective, and I hope I've succeeded. I do know that I gave each fanzine I reviewed my attention and thought for a fair amount of time, and I certainly read each thoroughly. I hope my favorable review of POTLATCH doesn't seem like New York back-patting; it's my honest reaction to the zine. See you next month!

Art this issue was by Jay Kinney, Atom, Rotsler, Ross Chamberlain & Bill Kunkel::: Next Issue: "A Day With Calvin Thomas Beck" (reprint) Ray Nelson comic strip, Cosmic C.

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